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PICTURES BY JOHN LEECH

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Undergraduate. "You don't object to smoking, I hope?"
Old Party (probably a Director). "Yes, Sir! I object very much indeed! —In fact, I have the strongest objection to smoking!!!"
Undergraduate. "H'm! ha! some people have."
[*Smokes for the next fifty miles.*

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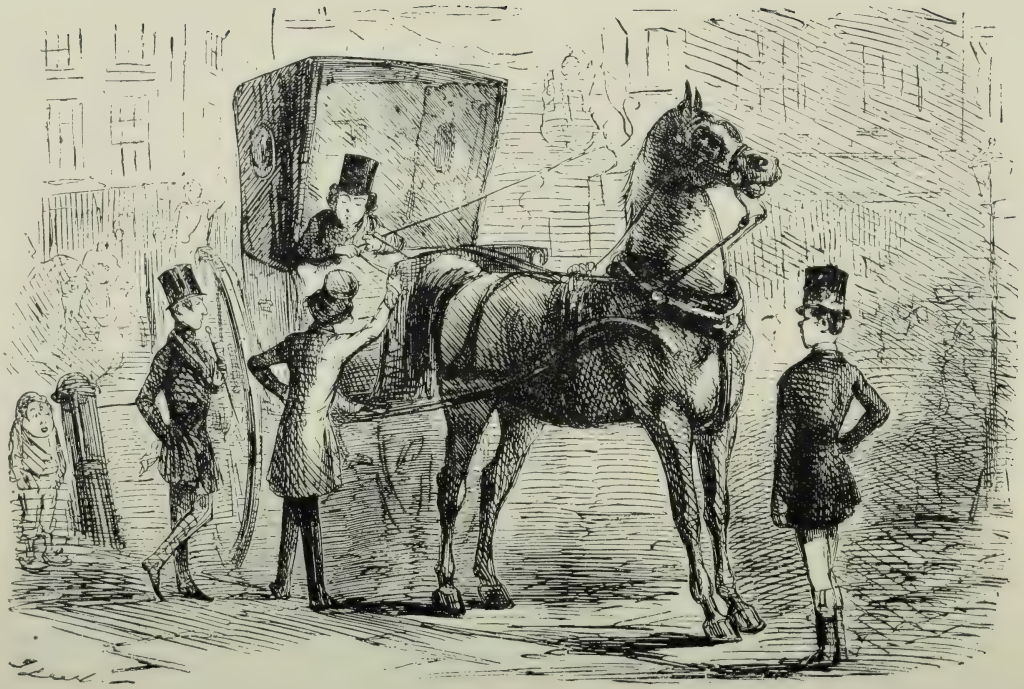
GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

Sarah Jane. "Oh, Betsy, come 'ere, and bring Hisabeller! we can see the 'oofs of the 'orses!!"

SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES.

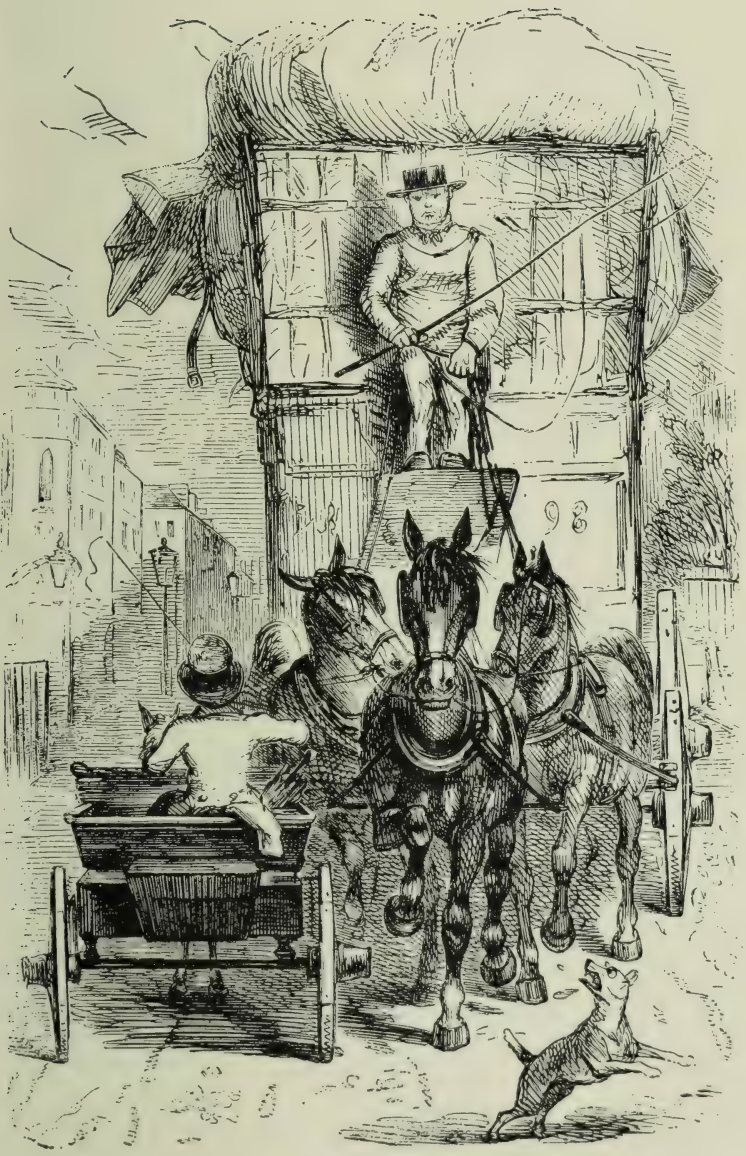
Lady. "Wish to leave! Why I thought, Thompson, you were very comfortable with me!"

Thompson (*who is extremely refined*). "Hoh yes, mam! I don't find no fault with you, mam—nor yet with master—but the truth *h*is, mam—the *h*other servants is so 'orrid vulgar, and hignorant, and speaks so hungrammatical, that I reely cannot live in the same 'ouse with 'em—and I should like to go this day month, if so be has it won't illconvenience you!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

First Juvenile (in Cab). "Well, Charley, have you had it out with the old boy?"
Second Juvenile. "Ya—as; and—aw—what do you think the undutiful old governor sa—ays?"
First Juvenile. "Hav'nt the least id—eaw."
Second Juvenile. "Why, he sa—ays I must do something to get my own living!"
First Juvenile. "Oh law! What a horrid baw!"

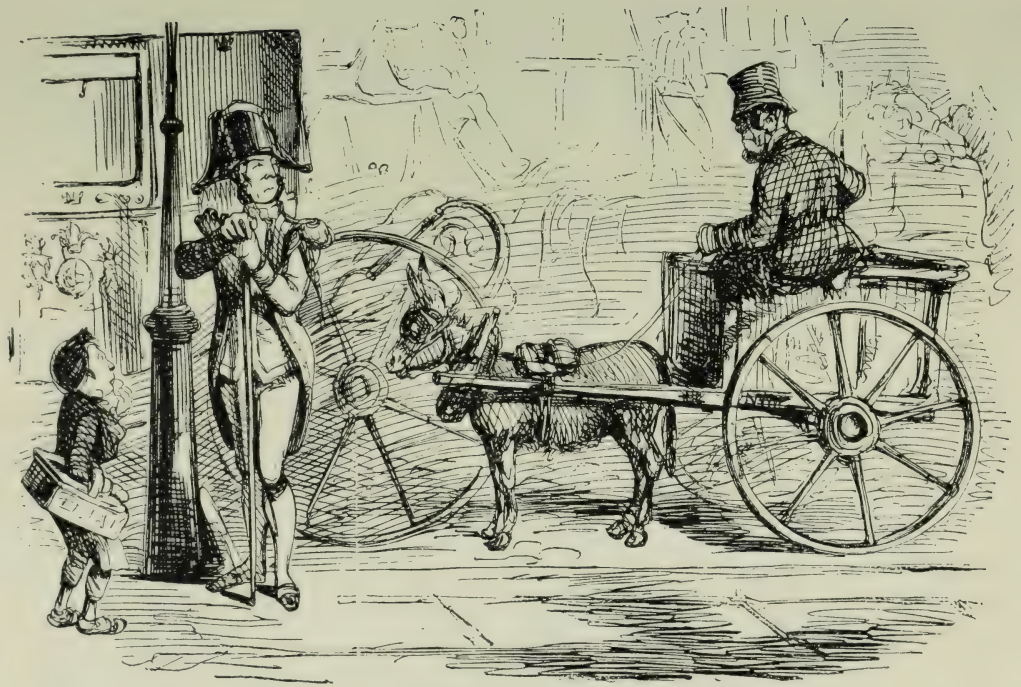


MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Van Driver. "I don't know nothun about no right sides nor wrong sides. You get out of the way, if yer don't want to be made a wafer of!"

LONG VACATION.

"Now then, Latitat, tuck in your six-and-eightpenny!"



FAMILIARITY.

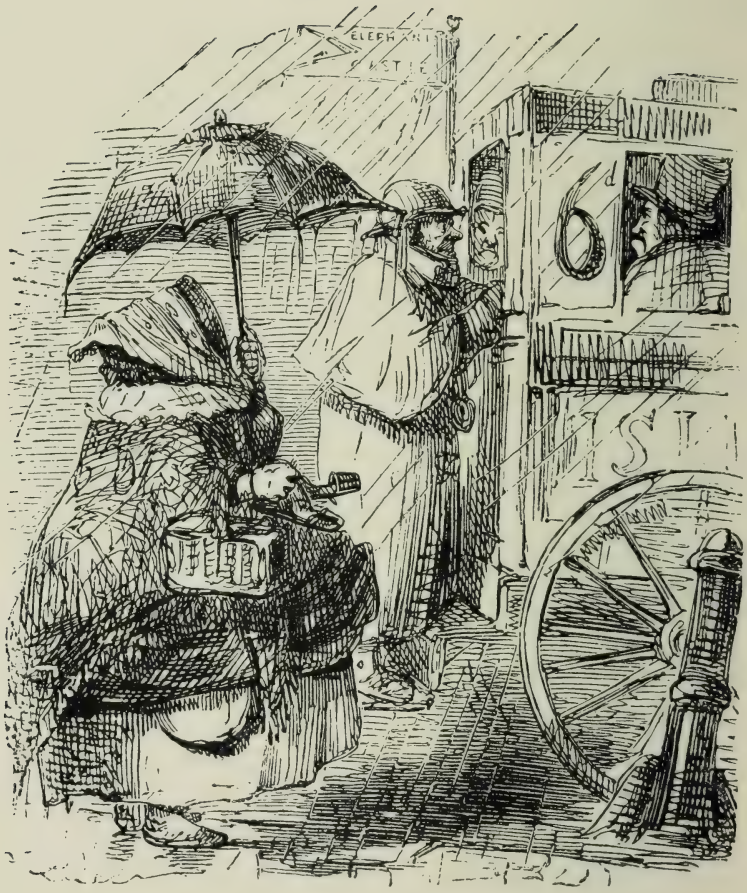
"Now, then, Thomas, tell your old man to pull on a peg, and let me get up to my pawnbroker's!"

PLEASANT!

Affectionate little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Freemasonry). "Well, but, dear! tell me *one* thing. Do they put you into a coffin?"

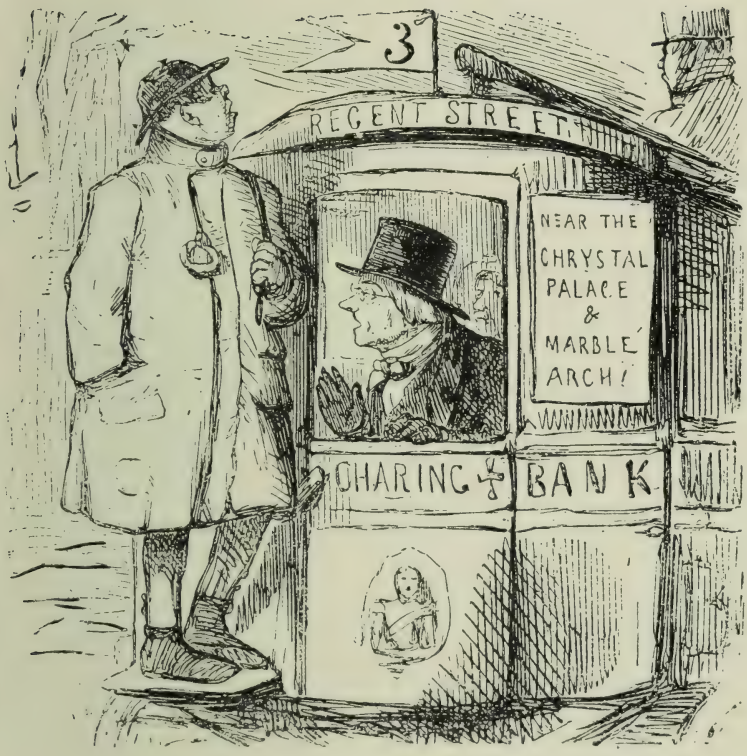
ALARMING SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING BOILED BEEF AND GOOSEBERRY PIE.

Little Boy. "Oh, lor, mar, I feel just exactly as if my jacket was buttoned."



THE TEST OF GALLANTRY.

Conductor. "Will any gent be so good as for to take this young lady in his lap?"



DID YOU EVER?

Old Gentleman (*politely*). "Oh, conductor! I shall feel greatly obliged to you if you would proceed, for I have an appointment in the Strand, and I am afraid I shall be too late."

Conductor (*slamming the door*). "Go on, Jim, here's an old cove a cussin and a swearing like any think!!!"

A LATE ARRIVAL.

Page. "Fancy ball, Sir! No, Sir! Missus's fancy ball, Sir, were last Toosday, Sir."

MURDER WILL OUT.

Mrs. Smith. "Is Mrs. Brown in?"
Jane. "No, mem, she's not at home."
Little Girl. "Oh! What a horrid story, Jane! Mar's in the kitchen, helping cook."

Old Lady (*loq.*) "Bless my heart! how ridiculously small they do make the eyes of the needles now-a-days, to be sure!"

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile Oxford Man (*who does not think Vin Ordinaire of himself*).
"A—were you at either university?"
Awful Swell. "Ya-as—when I was—a boy!"
[Oxford man *departs in a hansom.*

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "Uncle!"
Uncle. "Now then, what is it? This is the fourth time you've woke me up, Sir!"
Juvenile. "Oh! just put a few coals on the fire, and pass the wine, that's a good old chap."

RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

Young Sister. "I should so like to go to a party, ma."
Mamma. "My dear, don't be ridiculous. As I have told you before (I am sure a hundred and fifty times), that until Flora is married, it is utterly impossible for you to go out; so do not allude to the subject again, I beg."

OH! THE CURTAINS!

Objectionable Child. "Lor, pa! are you going to smoke? My eye! won't you catch it when ma comes home, for making the curtains smell

A BRITISH RUFFIAN.

Lady. "If you are not satisfied with what I have given you, there's a gentleman here who will settle with you!"
Cabman. "No there *ain't!* there ain't *no gentleman* here!"
Lady. "I tell you there is. There's a gentleman in this house."
Cabman. "Oh, no, there ain't, *not if he belongs to you!*"

SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE—IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY BLUEBOTTLE.

SERVANTGALISM;

OR WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Servant Gal. (*who has quarrelled with her bread-and-butter*). "If you please, ma'am, I find there's cold meat for dinner in the kitchen. Did you expect me to eat it?"

Lady. "Of course, I expect you to eat it, and an excellent dinner, too."

Servant. "Oh, then, if you please 'm, I should like to leave this day month." [*Exit Idiot.*

A GREAT MENTAL EFFORT.

First Cock Sparrow. "What a miwackulous tye, Frank. How the doose do you manage it?"

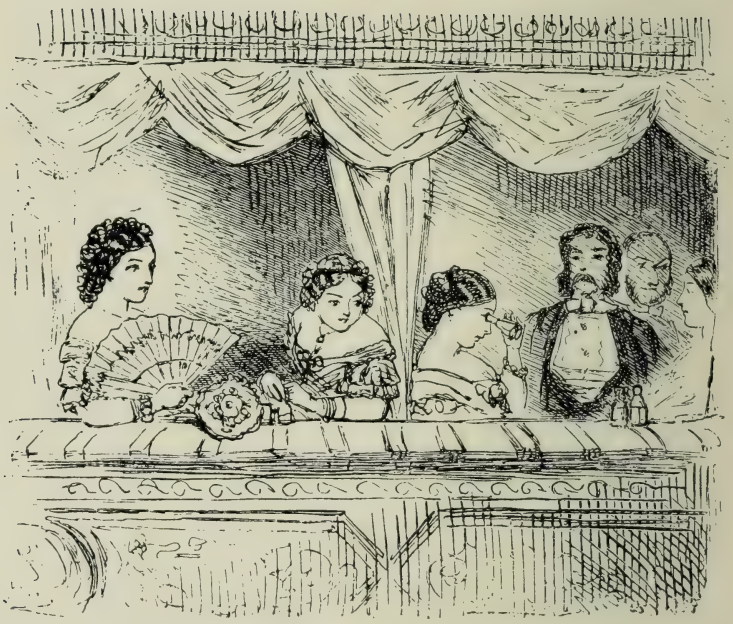
Second Cock Sparrow. "Yas. I fancy it is rather grand; but then, you see, I give the whole of my mind to it."

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Miss Gushington. "Oh, don't you like Christmas time, Mr. Brown, and all its dear old customs?" (Brown *don't seem to see it*).

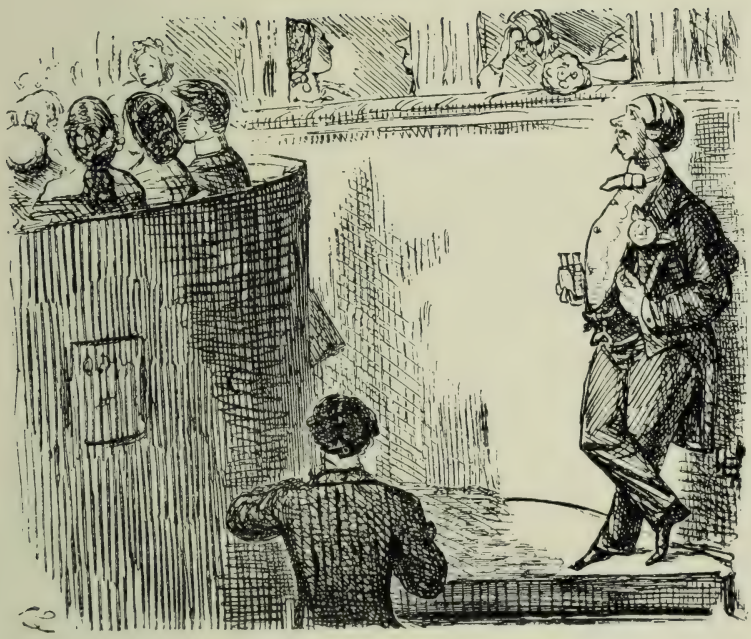
Police Constable (to Boy). "Now then, off with that hoop! or I'll precious soon help you!"
Lady (who imagines the observation is addressed to her). "What a monster!"
[*Lifts up the Crinoline and hurries off.*

Cabby. "Let yer out?--that's a good un!—not afore yer pays for breaking my springs!"



THE OPERA—I.

Lizzy. "Good gracious, Selina, look there! There's that ridiculous little man again. Did you ever see anything so absurd?"



THE OPERA—II.

Busby. "Ah! There she is, bless her! and looking this way too, Oh! it's as clear as possible she has taken a fancy to me!"

Stout Gent. "Dear! dear! So he has formed an attachment that you don't approve of! Ah! well, there's always something. Depend upon it, ma'am, there's a *skeleton somewhere in every house!*"

Chair Proprietor. "Would you please to pay for the cheers, mum?"
Lady. "How much?"
Chair Proprietor. "Well, mum—how many might you be a sittin' on?"

PORTRAIT OF THE OLD PARTY WHO RATHER LIKES ORGAN-GRINDING.

THE BATTUE.

Swell Keeper (to party assembled). "Now, I wants a couple o' lords forrard—a couple o' lords on the right, and a couple o' lords on the left! (*Turning to humble Commoner in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters).* You try the high stuff with the beaters, and take your chance of a *hare back.*"

NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

Country Friend (*apropos of Cockney Ditto*). "Upon my word, Thomas, if I had thought he had been so dangerous, I wouldn't have brought him out."

Keeper. "Well, he du shoot a leetle wild, Sir—but it ain't o' much consequence—I load for un—and I don't put no shot in!"

SPORT (!) IN 1859.—FOWL SHOOTING.

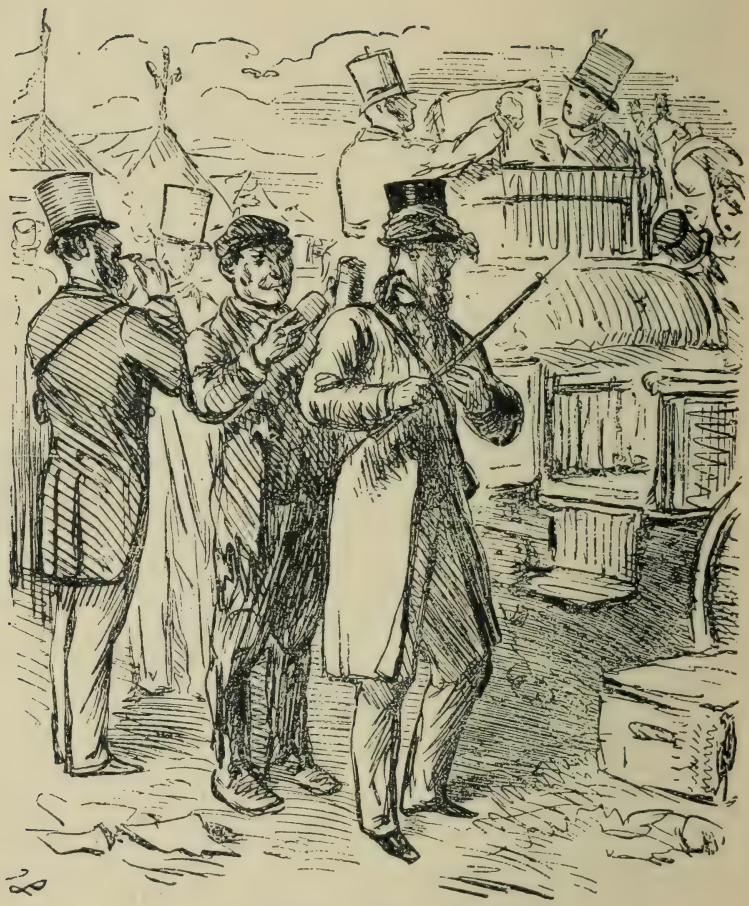
The ferocious pheasants think they are going to be fed, and surround the Honourable Mr. Battue accordingly.

FLY FISHING.

Piscator. "Now then! I think I shall get a *rise* here!"

A FACT.

Short-sighted Officer. "Sergeant! get that man's hair cut immediately!"



SCENE—THE HILL.

Irritated Swell (*walking away*). "I tell you I don't want to be brushed!"
Public Coat-brusher. "Oh, just to make you a little tidy, my lord!"
Swell. "I shan't pay you!"
Coat-brusher (*still brushing*). "That ain't o' no consequence, my lord; but I should like to see you look respectable!"

SEVERE.

Old Lady. "Ah thin, bad luck to ye, Grigory! Where's yer manners? One would think ye was in a gintleman's house, standin' before the fire with yer coat-tails up, and ladies present too!"

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (*who has heard some remarks made by papa*). "Are you our new nurse?"

Nurse. "Yes, dear!"

Child. "Well then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed with kindness—so you had better get some sponge-cakes and oranges at once!"

Papa. "Well, my dear, did you tell mamma that Miss Myrtle was waiting to see her?"
Child. "Yes, pa!"
Papa. "And what did she say?"
Child. "She said, *what a bother!*"

YOUNG ENGLAND.

Henry. "I say, Charley, where do you dine to-night?"
Charley. "Aw, dine with your brother!"
Henry. "Doose you do—worst wine I ever drunk in my life!"
Charley. "By jove, then, you never dined with my governor!"

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Sarah Jane. "Lawks! Why, it's hexact like our Hemmer!"

THE LINGUIST.

Archy. "I say, Jessie, do you understand French?"
Jessie. "A little—do you?"
Archy. "Oh, yes—I understand it very well; because, when pa and ma talk French, I know I'm going to have a powder!"

PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE.

Boy. "Ah—you and Mrs. Drone are coming to see us next week in the country."

Mr. Drone. "Are we?—we have heard nothing of it."

Boy. "Oh, yes—because I heard papa say to mamma, that they had some tiresome people coming, and they might as well ask all the bores at once."

POSITIVE FACT, OF COURSE.

A message comes off on Mrs. Bluebag's linen, which she is hanging, as usual.

At a dinner given by my Lord Broadacres to some of his tenants, Curaçoa is handed in a liqueur-glass to old Turniptops, who, swallowing it with much relish, says—"Oi zay, young man! oi'll tak zum o' that in a moog!"

VERY CAREFUL.

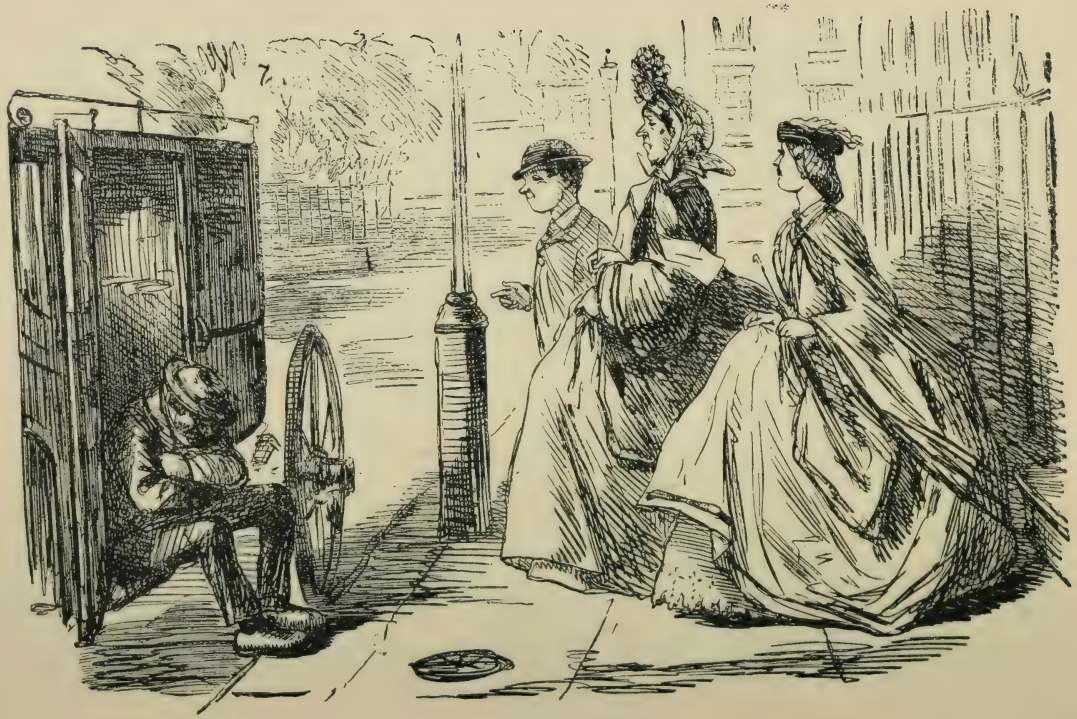
Economical Peer (*with feeling*). "Good gracious, Thompson! Haven't you men got an umbrella outside!"
Thompson. "No, my lord!"
Peer. "Dear! dear! dear!—then give me those new hats inside!"

Railway Clerk. "Have you got twopence, Sir?"
Swell. "Deaw, No! Nevaw had twopence in my life!"
Clerk. "Then I must give you tenpence in copper, Sir!"
[*Swell is immensely delighted, of course.*

FORCE OF HABIT.—(A TABLEAU FOR FAMILY PEOPLE ONLY).

Adolphus, George, and Louisa, are playing in Kensington Gardens—to them the family doctor unexpectedly. A. and G. and L. go through the expressive pantomime of putting out their tongues as a matter of course.

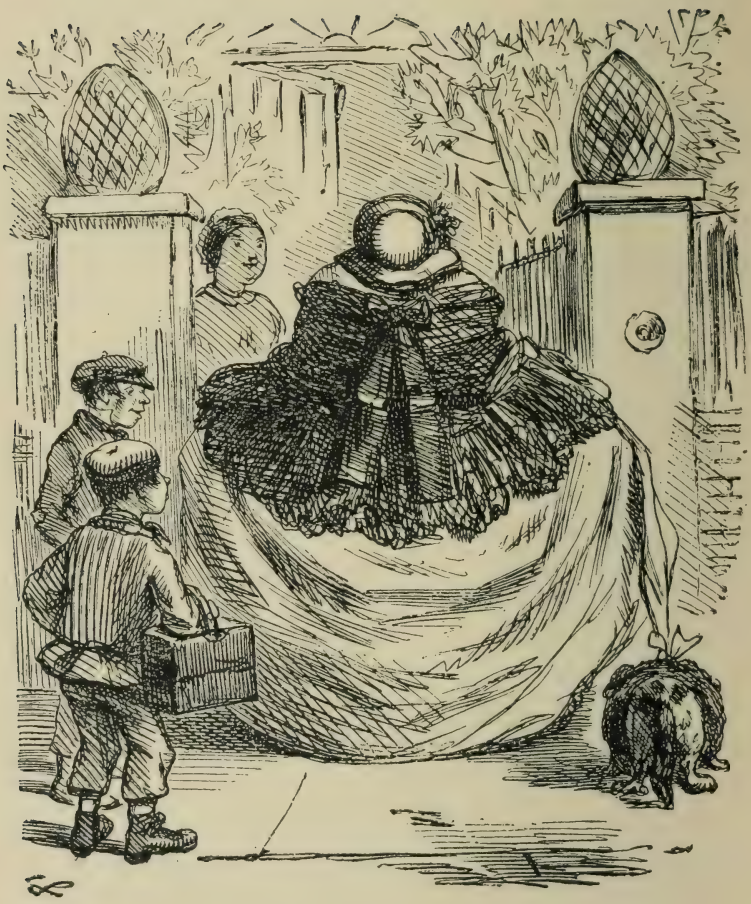
Nurse. "Drat the child! Why can't yer walk?—yer more plague than all my money!"



AN OPPORTUNITY.

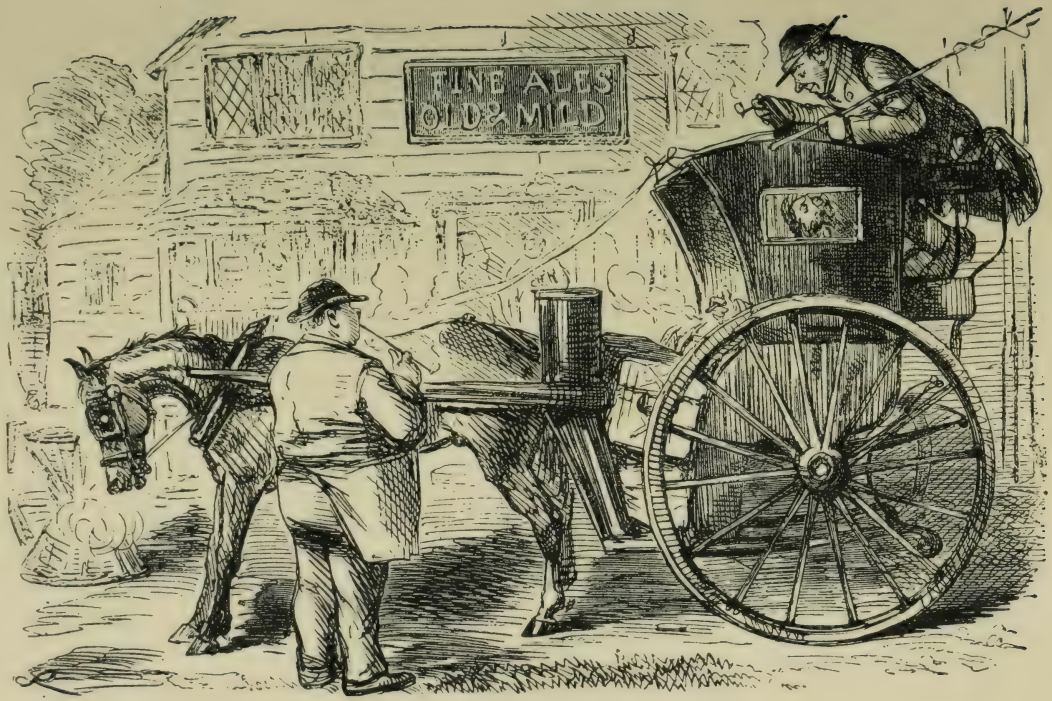
Frederick (pointing to sleeping Cabby). "There, aunt! Now's your time for a pair of gloves!"

Lady Audley's secret.



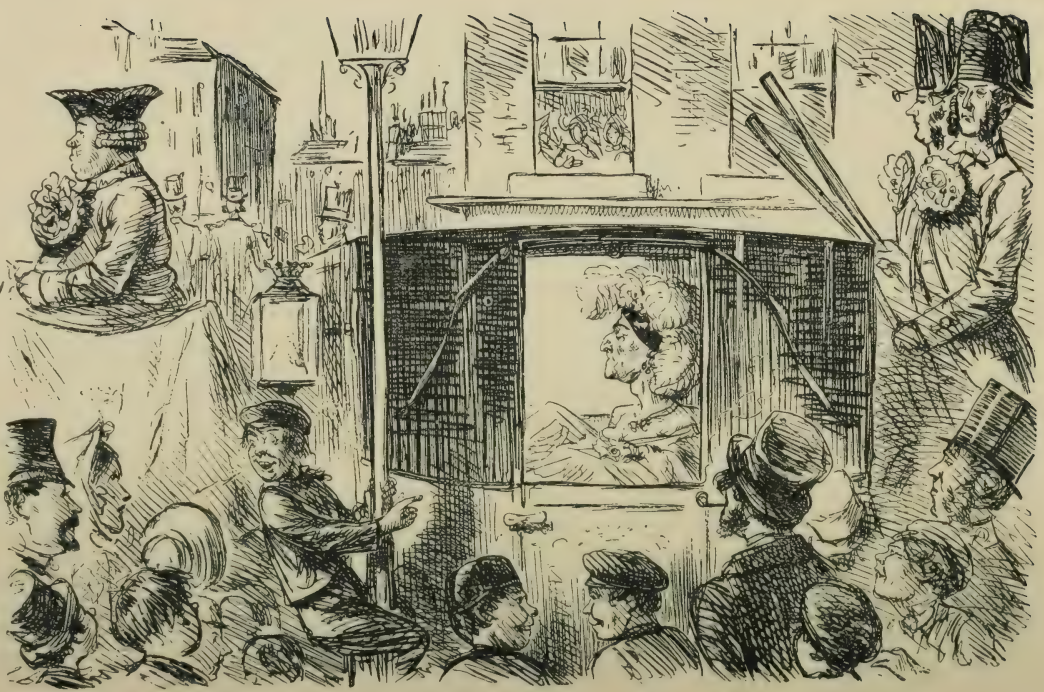
NOT A BAD JUDGE.

Alimentive Boy. "My eye, Tommy, wouldn't I like to board in that 'ouse, just!"



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "Oh I beg, your pardon, Sir, but you didn't say as we was to pull up anywheres, did you, Sir?"



THE DRAWING ROOM.

(A STOPPAGE OF A FEW MINUTES IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE PLACE).

Dreadful Boy (*on Lamp Post*). "Oh! My eye, Bill! 'Ere's a rose bud!"

Old Party (*very naturally excited*). "Why, confound you! You are wiping my plate with your handkerchief!"
Waiter (*blandly*). "It's o' no consequence, Sir—it's only a dirty one!"

EXTRAVAGANCE.

"Now, young uns, cut away—blow the expense!"

Officious Proctor. "Sir! !—pray, are you a member of this university?"
Military Swell. "No I'm not, old fellow—are you?"

Irate Proctor. "Sir, I sent you back to your college only five minutes ago, to invest yourself in your academical costume!"
Fast Freshman (*with affability*). "Yes, and here we are again. Isn't it odd?"

Officious urchin rushes to open carriage-door. John and Thomas, to use their own phrase, are "Completely nonplushed!"

WELL (?) BROUGHT UP.

First Juvenile. "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Alice?"

Second Juvenile. "A, no—thanks. Never dance with younger sons!"

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